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The Underground

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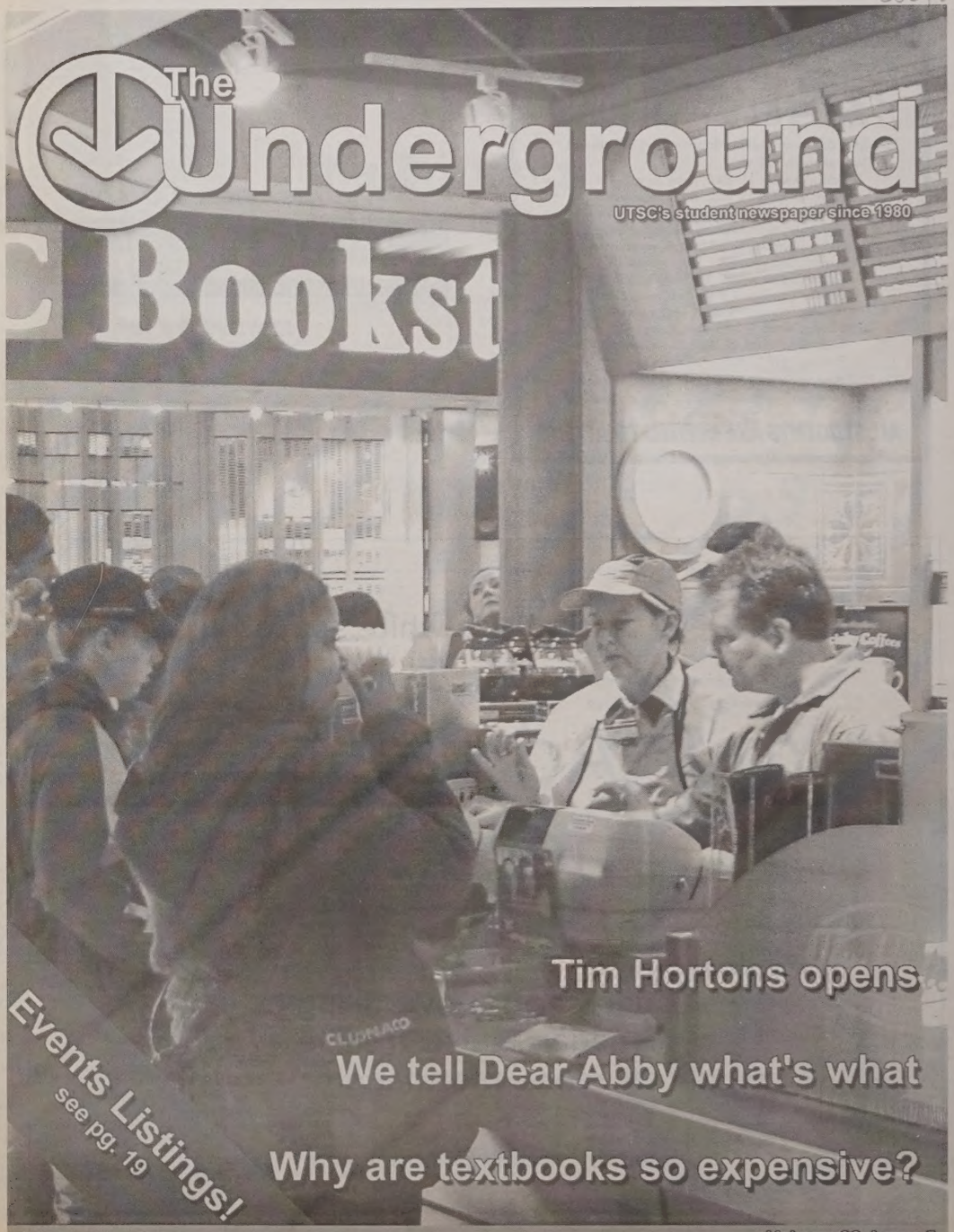

Tim Hortons opens

We tell Dear Abby what's what

Why are textbooks so expensive?

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Wednesday, October 9, 2002

Volume 22, Issue 5

Scarborough Campus Students' Union

For more information:
scsu@utsc.utoronto.ca

The 2002-2003 meeting schedule for the SCSU Board of Directors is as follows:

Friday, October 11, 2002, 11am, room S-403
Friday, October 25, 2002, 10am, room S-403
Friday, November 8, 2002, 10pm, room S-403
Wednesday, November 20, 2002, 5pm, room S-403
Friday, December 6, 2002, 10pm, room S-403
Tuesday, January 7, 2003, 6pm, room S-403
Wednesday, January 22, 2003, 12pm, room S-403
Tuesday, February 4, 2003, 6pm, room S-403
Tuesday, February 11, 2003, 6pm, room S-403
Tuesday, March 4, 2003, 6pm, room S-403
Wednesday, March 19, 2003, 12pm, room S-403
Tuesday, April 1, 2003, 6pm, room S-403

The **2002 Annual General Meeting** of the SCSU membership is on Wednesday, November 27, 2002, 5pm, in room S-403.

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The Underground

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Contributors:
Cpl. Chris Moy, Sarah Barmak, Holly Cousineau, Veronica Lo, Kait Raines, Matt Cimone, Nathan Barnard

Letters and Opinions Policy

At **The Underground** we love unsolicited material, especially letters and opinion pieces. Should such material be typed or printed and delivered to **The Underground**'s snazzy portable by or before noon on the Friday prior to the desired publication date, we will more than likely print it. We kindly ask that submissions be of 800 words or less and that they include the writer's name and student number.

Submissions become the property of **The Underground** and may or may not be published at the whim of *The Editorial Board*. *The Board* reserves the right to poke fun at submissions, post them on the wall in **The Underground**'s snazzy portable (for the enjoyment of our staff and guests) or alter them in print in any way provided it is so acknowledged. By submission, authors implicitly bow down to the total editorial control of *The Editorial Board* and freely consent to the addition witty comments and criticisms (especially in the case of libelous or malicious submissions) courtesy of the snarky editors.

For a more official-sounding **Letters and Opinions Policy** contact ***undergnd@utsc.utoronto.ca***

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Cover photo: Chris McKinnon

Contacting the Underground Staff

For all inquiries, please use the contact information below. Advertising questions and information should be directed to Chris McKinnon.

Mail: The Underground, U of T Scarborough
1265 Military Trail, Room S-364 (in the portable)
Scarborough, ON
M1C 1A4
Phone: 416.287.7054
Fax: 416.287.7055
Email: undergnd@utsc.utoronto.ca
Web: http://www.scar.utoronto.ca/~undergnd/

editorial

U of T could be the community of tomorrow...

Drugs. Those vile substances that can alter your consciousness, turn you into a junky and a failure, and, in short, ruin your life. Maybe you think I've seen one too many after-school specials, but God bless the American television networks' war on drugs and alcohol. It really seems that more and more families are being pulled apart by drug abuse nowadays. All you have to do is turn on an episode of COPS to see drug-addled mothers and fathers destroying their children's lives; and if that isn't enough to convince you that drugs are a moral plague on our society, then just go for a walk through any park in Toronto, after dark. You'll find packs of homeless crack-fiends and injection-drug users ambling through the dewy grass, in search of their next fix. How are these people to become productive members of society? What will we do if they decide to have children? I, for one, will not stand idly by and watch so many of my fellow human beings throw their lives away for a few cheap thrills with a needle or some inhalant.

As concerned citizens, we have all got a responsibility to join the fight against illicit drugs. You never know when drugs will turn an innocent user bad; you never know when a junkie will attack. The only option here is a pre-emptive strike: Not only should all of these miserable substances be banned, and the dealers of them imprisoned, but harsh jail-terms should be applied to anyone caught using them. Jail-terms will serve not only as a deterrent to drug-use (especially in the case of Ecstasy, GHB and Ketamine, those pesky club-drugs that have suddenly become popular), but they will give chronic users a chance to "get clean" in an environment where drugs are not available.

It is clear that we should lobby all levels of government to pour more funding into drug enforcement. Policing and community education will work hand-in-hand to keep drugs out of the hands of our children, friends and family-members. A great place to start this course of education is here, at our own university. The University of Toronto is a pillar of Canadian society. As such, we can set an example for other universities, high schools and middle schools to follow. We already have a zero-tolerance policy on the books with regard to drug-use on campus. It becomes clear that we must take this a step farther if we are to be truly forward-thinking. We must institute mandatory drug-testing of all students, faculty and staff. We must demonstrate that we will not tolerate drug-users in this community; we will show that we have conviction, values and clear moral guidelines for members of our community.

But we should not stop there! We should be confident of the moral high-ground we occupy, and we should cease all research currently being conducted on controlled and illicit substances. In this very school there are studies being conducted on the effects of MDMA and ecstasy, cocaine and who knows what else. These trials and research must be terminated immediately. Given our determination that no one should be taking these drugs, it is not necessary to conduct research on them. Faculty, staff and students who admit to having ever used drugs must be dismissed immediately and drugs charges must be laid where possible. There is no room substance-abuse in academia!

Illegal drugs may be a problem in our society today. But I am confident that with an expansion of its Zero Tolerance policy, the University of Toronto could become a leader in the anti-drugs revolution and a model for a drug-free tomorrow.

Chris McKinnon
Editor in Chief

"Moral indignation is jealousy with a halo."
- H. G. Wells (1866-1946)

The 80's Renaissance (or why I keep taping old episodes of M.A.S.K.)

I'm sure many readers will discount this topic as not worth discussing, but I'd like to take a moment to comment on a trend that's been growing over the past year. As we grow older and begin to take on the trappings of adulthood, we're quickly proving to be one of the most nostalgic generations of our culture. All you have to do is look around campus and you'll see the tell-tale sign of this mindset. You can't throw a stone in UTSC without hitting a guy wearing a *Transformers* shirt. I should know, I'm one of them.

It's not surprising to see how the commercial world has seized hold of our waxing nostalgic and, to our joy and theirs, bled it for all it was worth. T-shirts, television shows, comic books and action figures for franchises that I thought were long-over have been popping up with increasing frequency. Two years ago I would have given my right arm to see some of my old favorite television series have new life breathed into them. Now I'm waking up early on Saturdays to watch He-Man and checking my local comic shop for the latest issue of Thundercats. I'm having so much 80's stuffed down my eager pie-hole that I'm starting to regress back to my childhood behaviour. Not that I mind.

None of this, however, is very curious. Some of it is the result of nostalgic artists getting a chance to revive their old favorites; the rest of it is just smart marketing. What I wonder is why we are approaching a point where we're clinging to our childhood memories. Not to say that everyone brandishing a Decepticon emblem across their chest is incapable of growing up (that would be a gross generalization,) but this whole movement seems very deeply rooted in a reluctance to let go of our youth. Why are so many of us so hung up on these old amusements?

Well, one contributing factor is the scientific fact that modern cartoons suck. Memorable characters and plots that were at least interesting have been traded for casts of big-eyed caricatures with flat personalities. Somewhere along the road it became a rule that characters have to name every kind of manuever they execute in a fight. In the 80's if a villain was going to punch a hero he didn't have to yell out "Iron rocket super punch", he just punched him. There was a lot less redundant posturing in the 80's as well, or at least it seemed that way.

But regardless of the fact that old cartoons were more entertaining, I think there's something about the environment in which we have grown up that has made us predisposed to this nostalgia. I won't go too deeply into it, but if you stop to consider our generation, there's a lot of things unique to our condition. We were the first generation openly exposed to the internet at a young age. We were the first generation to be immersed in visually realistic, interactive video games at a young age. I was raised with open access to media of communication that could inundate me with the world in one moment and in the next help me escape from it. Being raised with a bad case of cultural vertigo, it's little wonder some of us our quick to grab on to something familiar. Perhaps this is part of the reason we're so quick to fall back into nostalgia.

It doesn't worry me though. The fact is cartoons were better when we were younger and I'm not afraid to feed my obsession for them. Still, I wonder what today's kids are going to be like when they grow up. If I was over-stimulated, what does that make them?

"For a time I considered sparing your wretched planet Cybertron. But now, you shall witness its dismemberment." — Orson Welles

Keith Friedlander
Arts Editor

Hate our guts? Wish we were dead?

Send any opinions or letters to the editor to:

Editor-in-chief
The Underground, U of T Scarborough
1265 Military Trail, Room S364
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or email undergnd@utsc.utoronto.ca with "Opinion" or "Letter to the Editor" in the subject line.

(By the way, we're total masochists; we'll print whatever you send us.)

letters letters

The editor fancies himself a saviour...

I was on campus as few weeks back, gathering footage for my independent zombie picture, and was excited to pick up the first issue of this year's Underground. I could only hope -reading your editorial- that it was not my term as editor that your words spoke so disdainfully of. Was it all blatant self-promotion, and, silly pictures? It got me thinking again about the purpose of student press. Had my forbearers, my successors and I really blown the whole thing?

Or could it be that there is room for a range of approaches? Chris McCalister liked his news hard, Dave Zolis favoured sports, I loved silly pictures and good layout, and Tim Soucie after me, well he's a poet through and through. None of us were professionals, but then it's student press.

Every editor fancies himself or herself something of a saviour. I'm glad that you're committed to improving the paper and giving it back to the students. But I'm not sure it was ever taken away. There is no need to disrespect the achievements of others in order to make yourself look better.

I can tell that you enjoy the English language and that you feel passionate about print media. Me too. Your paper looks good and reads well. Best of luck now and in the future.

Sincerely,
Ian Mackenzie --

Editor's Note: While the editor cannot speak to the work of Mr. Mackenzie, Mr. McCalister or Mr. Zolis, the comments referenced above did, indeed, refer to Mr. Soucie's use of poetry-as-editorial, which the editor continues to find distasteful, somewhat pompous and certainly not in good keeping with the medium of a newspaper (a literary journal perhaps, but not a newspaper.) The editor feels justified in his comments, and even in his own God-complex.

An Open Letter from the SAC Board of Directors

October 4th, 2002
To the university community,

We are writing to express the concern of a Board whose will was usurped and whose constituents were mispresented. The Board of Directors of the Students' Administrative Council (SAC) voted September 30th to uphold a decision of the Clubs Commission—we would give $1000 to the International Socialists so they might fund transportation to Ottawa. What was the purpose of this trip? To participate in a peaceful rally focussed on Palestinian Human Rights. The IS are a recognized SAC club. In funding this club, SAC did not endorse the Palestinian cause. In funding this club, SAC did not endorse violence—in fact, the rally was entirely peaceful. In funding this club, SAC only endorsed U of T students who chose to get involved in student life. Had Hillel approached SAC for funding they would have been treated similarly. This money was not an endorsement of any particular Middle Eastern Politics.

We want to clarify any misinformation regarding its vote, and the actions of Commissioners attempting to carry out the legal rights of the Board. Actually, when John Lea, SAC Vice President-Operations, initially decided not to issue a cheque for money the Board decided SAC would expend, he was violating SAC by-laws, violating his job description and violating the votes of thousands of students who elected this Board. He was violating a basic trust—that he, and the President who supported him, are ultimately responsible to the SAC Board of Directors. The Vice President Operations withheld the physical cheque from any of the signers who might have signed it. This is why Ms. Artful-Dodger and Ms. Guiao attempted to enter the business manager's office: to retrieve a new cheque (because this club needed it for a deposit ASAP), and legally issue the funds with the signatures of the University Affairs and the Clubs Commissioners — to carry out the will of democracy which the Vice President Operations defied.

Mr. Lea suggested that according to the University of Toronto's Code of Conduct, no person ought to willingly endanger another student. To suggest that sending students to a Palestinian peace rally would endanger them promotes an ignorance of peaceful protest. Furthermore, the student code of conduct Mr. Lea quotes in his letter of condemnation is in fact a section taken out of context. The section followed a clause that reads: *"(iii) except as otherwise provided herein, occurs on premises of the University of Toronto"* and since the rally was in Ottawa, hundreds of kilometres away, the comment was totally invalid and misleading.

Indeed, when the motion to give the $1000 was voted on, it passed with an overwhelming majority. The cheque was eventually signed, but only after too many antics. How could the Vice President Operations possibly consider disregarding the voices of these people? In fact, Mr. Lea did not speak a single word during the debate. His "principled position," to quote the President, was too good for the Board—a body he excluded, by personal choice, from his opinions, though they are the body he is directly responsible to.

In conclusion, we, the undersigned SAC Board members, are writing to say that the motion we passed was fair, apolitical, and ultimately led to a very successful and peaceful rally at which many U of T students were allowed to express their opinions and solidarity for human rights. We are writing to say that the condemnation letter Mr. Lea wrote was unfair towards SPHR, a coalition which ultimately produced this peaceful rally. But most of all, we are writing to condemn the circumvention of democracy that Mr. Lea's actions expressed, and which Rocco Kusi-Achampong supported as President—a direct violation of Mr. Lea's duty as Vice President and Mr. Kusi-Achampong's role as the official representative of the student union. There was an obvious breach of trust produced between these senior executive and the Board. They have violated our trust, in some cases our confidence. We still await their apology—directed to all their constituents.

Sincerely,

Sami Arafeh, Trinity College
Alexandra Artful-Dodger, Victoria College, External Commissioner
Owen Cook, University College
Greg Dubecky, St. Michael's College
Zainab Fatima, Victoria College
Mary Auxi Guiao, Scarborough College, Equity Issues Commissioner
Durre Hanif, Governing Council Representative, Trinity College
Humza Hussain, Erindale College
Alex Kerner, University College
Sheza Khan, Erindale College, Deputy Erindale Commissioner
Grace Kiser, Woodsworth College, Clubs Commissioner
Immanuel F. Lansaderas, St. Michael's College
Elizabeth Majic, Victoria College, Depuy Equity Issues Commissioner
Dylan Rae, Scarborough College
Natalie Sabri, Woodsworth College,
Parminder Singh, Scarborough College
Kausar Tahir, Pharmacy
Howard Tam, Engineering
Kashif Yousuf, Erindale College

And other concerned SAC Board members

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Weekly Haiku

by Sachin Hingoo

PERHAPS IT'S BETTER
NOT TO KNOW WHAT CAUSES RAIN
IT MIGHT BE GOBLINS!

That Ol' "Je Ne Sais Quoi"

Frog In My Throat

Merika I. Ramundo

opinions opinions

When I saw this picture of Mario Dumont, the head of l'Action démocratique du Quebec, in the *Toronto Star* the other day, it got me thinking...why weren't there ever any hot separatist politicians when I was a kid growing up in Quebec? Just look at the schoolgirls in the picture? A guy like him would have been real easy on the eyes, maybe not so much on the ears, but real easy on the eyes. It would have made my life as an allophone so much easier. Mr. Dumont has been penned as Quebec's "rising star", opting to place socio-economic concerns ahead of sovereignty, all done with a little wink and a smile. Rene Levesque, watch out! As soon as any individual is given the right to make decisions and speak on behalf of a group, the spin doctors will spin and the cigars will fly – in what direction, only the media will know. In this case, Mr. Dumont is one hot commodity.

What Mr. Dumont is doing is not new to the political scene. Not only is he a "he" but he is a young, handsome, white, charismatic well-spoken leader with a certain *je ne sais quoi*. That *je ne sais quoi* is exactly that – the *I really can't put my finger on it* quality that is the first ingredient when baking the most delectable political soufflé. I'm told by my mother that both Pierre Elliot Trudeau & John F. Kennedy had "it" – "it" being something that just made women swoon and men look up and take notice. Could "it" have been Trudeau's famous rebellious pirouette? Or maybe it was his dating habits? I mean any Canadian guy who got the chance to date Barbra Streisand must have been someone pretty special. (There will more on Babs later – wait for it.) And what about Mr. J.F.K.? Was "it" his boyish smile, legacy-laden family or his trend-setting First Lady (no, not Marilyn, the other one)?

Looks, fame, and fortune – those will get you far but I think it's the *P word* that makes the difference in the long run. No, ladies and gents, not *penis* as you might have suspected (although that runs a close second), but *power*. The question still remains: how does a politician acquire power? He may crack the code through a culmination of words and actions that stem from the basic governing principles that he instills in a group of citizens in a democratic state... But that public, *the masses*, still has to buy into that vision. Tactics in this area are as plentiful as the coupling of American politics and extramarital affairs. One strategy may be to invite the Barenaked Ladies to perform at a concert where admission is free as long as you buy a $25 membership to become part of his ***"cough NDP"*** party *or* he may also want our canuck Ladies to appear on the television drama *The West Wing* in order to endorse the importance of youth and their voting practices. Finally, he might also consider having Babs come out of hiding and have her sing love ballads in an attempt to raise funds for control of the state legislature. With all this media coverage and stars abounding, the world of politics seems very...*sexy*, doesn't it? Just mention the name Bono to me and I don't think of U2 any more. I think of Third-World debt, the expansion of the European Union or the fact that UK's Q Magazine has just named him the most powerful man in music. Is it because he's sold millions of albums? Nope. Back in Quebec, I never found politics to be something chic or sexy - it was jus a way of life - like poutine or Celine.

I am proud to say that I am not alone in my assessment of the media and the public's recent fascination with politics. Dan Bandurka, our own SCSU President agrees with me. "No," he says, "I personally don't view politics as sexy. If we look at history however, "*it*" (there it is, this "*it*" again!) has been advantageous for some individuals." When I asked Dan whether or not he got noticed more by women because of his fairly high profile position on campus, he just laughed. "It's noticeable that people do view me differently but I try to ignore it because it's superficial. I want people to see me as a person, not a person with power."

I think that I might have heard that at a beauty pageant once.

Ironically, it is these same beauty pageant contestants, supermodels, politicians, music, film and television stars that are constructions (*collages*, if you will), of our collective conscious, filtered through the media that connect us with them. We willingly give these images power, not out of choice but because we ourselves **need** to connect with the beauty, propaganda, ideology and art brought about through celebrities and politicians who share **our** values, **our** beliefs and **our** cultural, ethical, moral frameworks (plus, it doesn't hurt that there are people out there who will play out the game **for us**), so in the end, it is a win-win situation. Now if we could only give Mayor Mel the boot and trade him in for Mel Gibson.

Mario Dumont, 32-year-old leader of l'Action democratique du Quebec, grabs the attention of students from Toronto's Pope John Paul II secondary school after speaking to the Canadian Club in Toronto Sept. 23
EVIN FRAYER/CP

NB. Dear readers: I'm still waiting to hear about your fantasy worlds!

Please write me. I have no life and enjoy reading ANYTHING that is sent to me E-mail me at: ramundoelmundo@yahoo.ca

Editor's Note: ***Merika's column from last week (A Modern Proposal) was a UTSC take on Jonathan Swift's "A Modest Proposal", for those of you that missed that***

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For further information or nomination forms, please contact your college registrar or the Division of University Advancement, J. Robert S. Prichard Alumni House, 21 King's College Circle, 3rd Floor. Tel: (416) 978-6536 or e-mail linda.wells@utoronto.ca

news news

Election forum shows first year students eager to get involved

by Lisa Endersby,
Underground Staff

"I came into this school with the impression that university students were different from high school [students]. After seeing election posters defaced with such vulgarity my impression is soured."

This comment from first year student Nicole McLean highlights not only one hopeful first year rep's campaign, but also a recently publicized issue on campus. At the elections forum, held October 2nd in the Meeting Place, Jonathon Cross spoke about having his election posters vandalized, noting that this is not the first time graffiti has succeeded in offending the students of UTSC. When asked about the issue by the President of SCSU, Dan Badurka, several other candidates voiced their opinions. Harinee Surendra spoke about changing the people who write the obscene messages rather than trying to prevent the act of vandalism itself. While Chanel Chung promised that if graffiti was an issue for first year students it would be an issue for her as well, Natalia Simachkevitch didn't see the graffiti as being such a big issue.

Another important issue, this time raised by fifth year student Ravi Singh, was the apparent lack of school spirit at UTSC, which is especially evident amongst first year students. Singh asked the candidates what activities or events could be implemented to help ease the transition from high school to university. Adam Watson spoke about orientation and 'allowing students to network with each other', while Chanel Chung proclaimed 'I'll definitely do promotions!', emphasizing that 'mouth to mouth communication is most effective' in getting the word out about student activities. It was also pointed out that athletic events play a role in student morale, since a win for a school team usually means school spirit rises. Therefore, seating should be provided for spectators at the university's soccer games and athletic events or games should receive greater publicity.

Bandurka also asked Jessica Mariano, a candidate for the position of Life Sciences rep what issues are most pertinent to upper year students. Mariano replied by voicing her concerns over the non-availability of books and materials in the library as construction continues on campus. While admitting there was nothing she could do to make construction go any faster, Mariano did promise to do whatever possible, such as sitting on all relevant committees in order to ensure that upper year students can soon begin to take advantage of library material on campus instead of having to wait for them to arrive from other locations.

When I asked several candidates why they thought they should be elected first year or life sciences rep, I received many intriguing responses. Marjan Tehrani told me that "I think that I should be elected first year rep because I have many opinions, yet I'm open to hear those of others. I'm a hard worker, I'm approachable and I'm a woman of my word." Harinee Surendra spoke about her first impressions of UTSC: "When I first entered the doors of U of T, I told my dad that I had a tummyache and wanted to go home. Well, I don't play with plastic ponies anymore, neither do I feel small in this campus as I did on that day. The only thing that matters now are the great people I have met along the way, and I would be honoured to represent them."

Natalia Simachkevitch decided to use her 'notoriety' from this year's orientation to her advantage "After the Frosh Week 'incident' tons of people talked to me, if elected I'll ALWAYS make time to talk to YOU!" and Adam Watson decided to quote his campaign posters by saying "IT REALLY IS A COMMON SENSE DECISION! I am experienced. VOTE WISE, Vote 'Adam Watson for You on SCSU.'"

Chanel Chung told me "I'm very friendly, outrageously outgoing and I have a tremendous amount of school spirit. As a loud mouth, I can literally voice the opinions of the 1st year student body. Remember: Chanel Chung, 1st Year Rep, THAT'S ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW!" and Jonathon Cross explained "...I will be fair to everyone regardless of sexuality, race or ethnic background. With my down to earth nature, I feel that most of the student body can relate with me and would feel comfortable approaching me."

Speaking as a possible Life Sciences rep, Jessica Mariano said she should be elected "Because I care about education, I care about the students, and I want to help maintain UTSC's high academic standards." Unfortunately I was not able to get comments from all the candidates and considering that this article will appear after the voting has taken place, I can only hope that this article will help to ensure those who voted, and those who didn't, that those candidates most capable of fulfilling the duties of a first year or Life Sciences representative have been elected. These three people will be representing a vast majority of the student body and it only makes sense that they will be the most able to fill the position.

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Tim Hortons arrives in Bladen Foyer: Students love Timmy's!

by Dinesh Fernando
Underground Staff

On October 3, 2002 the new Tim Hortons located in the R-wing opened to the students and faculty of UTSC. The masses lined up opposite the UTSC bookstore throughout the day to get their caffeine fix. No matter what time of day you passed by the bookstore, the line-up was endless. It stretched so far that people had to be sectioned off, so that students and staff walking to their classes or offices could pass by without zigzagging and pushing their way through the line-up. One couldn't help but be amazed at Tim Horton's positive image when one saw all the desperate faces waiting in line for their haven of sugar and cream. Waiting for what seemed an eternity, to pay homage to the place fondly referred to as "Timmy's" seemed to be worth the effort. The opening of the new Tim Hortons was actually delayed for almost one full day due to an electrical problem. However since Tim Hortons had planned to open on October 2, a reasonable quantity of donuts, bagels and cookies had already been baked. In order to avoid wastage of products (and disappointing the students and staff), they pulled apart their doors a wee bit during the later part of the day. It was no surprise to see a score of customers waiting in line just for the handful of donuts that were available.

The name Tim Hortons stems from the founder, Tim Horton (1930-1974), an all-Canadian boy who played 17 seasons in the NHL. He founded the business along with Ron Joyce, the store's first franchisee. Joyce is presently the Chairman of Tim Horton's charities and is also on the Board of Directors for Sobey's, a subsidiary of the Loblaws Corporation. Today, Tim Hortons Corporation is owned by a parent company, none other than the popular Wendy's. In 1995 Wendy's International merged with the Canadian based Tim Hortons.

Everything about Tim Hortons at UTSC is impressive. Interiors, bright lighting, the mouth-watering variety of donuts displayed proudly on the shelves are all outstanding. It is probably the most attractive part of the whole campus. The new Tim Hortons on our campus has everything from the trademark coffee to the lunchtime favourites: Soup, chilli and sandwiches. Tim Hortons UTSC, is part of another addition to the Aramark owned and operated eateries on the UTSC campus. This store, like the others, is franchised and replaces the Coffee Time and Mr.Sub that had previously occupied the location. Aramark's decision to invest in the breakfast and coffee giant will no doubt reap rewards.

The name 'Tim Hortons' itself is so popular that people often use it as a point of reference. It's like the "New Meeting Place". I find myself telling people to meet me in front of the "New Timmy's" all the time. So as you can see the Tim Hortons has brought with it good fortune, soon to be good memories and a damn good cup of coffee.

Bugbear worm can open PCs to hackers

by Fasal Islam
Underground Staff

There is a new computer virus lurking around in the dark world of the Internet. It's name: Bugbear. What does it do? It can let anyone, even a hacker from the most remote part of the world, access your computer and browse through your private documents.

This devastating virus is a mass-mailing worm, which was discovered on September 30, 2002. Millions of computers have already been affected and according to Symantec, a leading anti-virus company, it is spreading wildly.

"We have upgraded this threat from a category 3 to a category 4, our second highest threat level," says a computer security expert with Symantec. "At category 4, that would mean millions of users [are] affected."

According to Mcafee.com, the virus originated in Malaysia and has since spread worldwide, affecting millions of computers in Europe, the United States and Asia. Reports indicate that Britain has been the hardest hit, followed by Australia and New Zealand.

This devious virus spreads via e-mail, using the email addresses from the address book of the infected computers. That means if your friend's PC is infected, the virus can arrive at your inbox using your friend's name and email address. Using inconspicuous subject lines such as "SCAM Alert!!!" or "Hello!" or "bad news", it has successfully fooled thousands into opening the infected mail.

Bugbear is a hacker's priceless possession because it works very silently. As soon as it infects a PC, it disables any leading firewall or anti-virus programs that it can find so that it can continue its destruction and spread in peace. If your computer is connected to a network of computers, then your peers may not be very happy when they find out about the virus and its source, because it passes through the network and tries to affect every PC on that network. That's why MacAfee, another leading anti-virus company, has labelled the virus high-risk to both personal computers and corporate computers.

Only the most trifling damages have been reported so far. The worst and most dangerous effects are to make infected PCs completely visible on the Internet, by opening backdoors. A backdoor is a way of accessing a program or a whole computer system. A hacker can easily gain access to an infected computer, and all its files. Also, the worm has keystroke-logging feature that can record every password or credit card number typed in to an infected computer and mass mail it to everyone in the computer's address book.

Symantec has a fix available on their website for Bugbear. This fix can be used to check or remove infected files. Also, usage of up-to-date anti-virus and firewall software is a must nowadays. It is recommended that you scan your PC regularly for viruses and keep away worms that can destroy priceless files.

Find more information about Bugbear at these websites:

http://news.google.com/news?q=bugbear+&hl=en&lr=&ie=UTF-8&safe=off&sa=N&tab=nn
http://www.forbes.com/technology/newswire/2002/10/07/rtr743623.html
http://www.f-secure.com/bugbear/

feature feature

Paying the Price for Textbooks:

Are new texts worth the extra cash? And why do they keep changing editions?

Veronica Lo investigates...

Deregulated tuition. A double cohort. A scarce job market. Environmental justice. These are issues that we, as students, confront daily; and we have lobbied, appealed and paraded through the streets to decry our government's, and our university's, handling of these issues. Each year, even the slightest indication of a tuition hike leads to a firestorm of protest - and yet there are many issues that university officials barely recognize, if only because students think they are too "minor" to whine about.

One of these issues is the simple matter of buying textbooks. We all know the routine at the beginning of the year - line-ups that extend all the way into the hall with the old grad photos (which incidentally amuse us while we're waiting), triumphantly unearthing a textbook (until the price is revealed, at which point we'd wish we'd never found it), and trying in vain to sell last year's texts, only to discover that all the editions have changed. Every year, we get the distinct impression that we're being ripped off. "I just think they're too expensive for what they're actually worth," says Ashley Jenner, an Environmental Science major.

But if you try to blame the bookstore they'll lay the blame squarely on the publishers. Evelyn Junger, the floor manager for the UTSC Bookstore, claims the store has no influence whatsoever on the publishers' prices. She offers "limited print runs and a specialized market" as the reasons why certain texts are so expensive. And as for the prices for which the bookstore sells them, well, they are never inflated beyond the manufacturer's suggested retail prices. In fact, says Junger, the UTSC Bookstore is "completely non-profit", as advertised on their website. An employee is quick to add that the profits go directly to the University of Toronto Press, which is linked to U of T.

However, UTPress is not owned by the university - it is a separate entity, a corporation that deals solely with manufacturing and publishing. One also wonders how some textbooks, which are supposedly being sold at the suggested retail price, are offered for more than 30% off at big chains such as Chapters or Amazon. As one student points out, the cost of ordering books online is substantially less, even after the addition of shipping and handling charges - and you get to avoid the line-ups. A Roman history text that costs $97 at the bookstore is usually priced for just $64.95 at Chapters. The current price war between Chapters and Amazon has resulted in another 30% drop off their regular prices. That text is now just $45.46. When this is mentioned to Junger, she counters that stores like Discount Textbooks on the St. George campus may be cheaper, but they don't have telephone lines or the same return policies. "We have to cover our expenses," she says, gesturing to the bright lights, neatly folded sweatshirts, and polished wooden counters. (In fact, Discount Textbooks does have a telephone line and the same two-week return policy as U of T Bookstores).

"[Try] to blame the bookstore they'll lay the blame squarely on the publishers. Evelyn Junger, the floor manager for the UTSC Bookstore, claims the store has no influence whatsoever on the publishers' prices."

"It's a bunch of baloney," scoffs Parminder Singh, SAC Scarborough Commissioner. The suggested retail price is always inflated to ensure maximum profits, which is not what the bookstore should be aiming for, if indeed it is non-profit. Singh believes that because students comprise such a large chunk of the market, U of T should be fighting for the students and telling suppliers what they want to pay for books, instead of taking a passive stance. Professor Nick Eyles, who teaches environmental sciences, agrees: "They need you more than you need them." He says professors can also have considerable influence on publisher's prices, and had specifically requested that his book, *Ontario Rocks*, be affordably priced. Students had no qualms about paying $49.95 for a new full-sized text that has relevant Canadian content and original colour photographs on every page.

"The reason is obvious: with a class of over 1000 students, it's easy to make a lot of money off royalties collected from the sales."

Unfortunately, exorbitant prices are not the only problem. Students can't resell their books if the editions keep changing. The U of T Bookstores certainly won't buy them back. It is generally agreed upon by professors and students alike that course texts should be updated - but not every one or two years, and not unless the changes go beyond different page numbers or adding a few more homework problems. "It's quite deliberate," says Professor Tony Price, of the practice of changing editions. He regrets that it happens, but doesn't believe much can be done about it. From the bookstore's perspective, Junger again states that the blame should lie on the publishers, as it is solely their decision to change editions.

However, that is not always the case. Scott Tremblay, Vice President (Students) of the Scarborough Campus Students Union, cites a specific example of a professor at the St. George campus who changes the edition of the course text every year. The reason is obvious: with a class of over 1000 students, it's easy to make a lot of money off royalties collected from the sales. Tremblay notes that for courses like calculus or chemistry, there should be no need to frequently change editions as the same material has been taught for decades.

This is where the role of professors should come in. Even if publishers keep on rolling out new editions, that's no reason for faculty to list the newest edition as the only acceptable one. Having worked with the older texts, professors know what changes have been made, and should inform students accordingly, especially if it's only a matter of different page numbers. So why do the majority appear to deliberately withhold this information? Tremblay has a couple of theories: either professors are trying to generate money for the publishers, or they're attempting to cover themselves in the event that students complain they were tested on material from the new editions.

For the time being, it looks as though U of T students will continue to face inflated prices and professors who are apparently unsympathetic. Fortunately, SAC and SCSU are working on measures to improve this. The SAC Book Bursary is a program designed to provide students with financial relief in the form of credit vouchers that are redeemable at any U of T bookstore. Last year, the SAC gave out about a hundred vouchers to Scarborough campus students. All a student has to do is fill out a form that can be picked up at the SAC office.

The SCSU takes unclaimed books that are left behind in lockers, and holds a barbecue book sale twice a year, at the beginning of each semester. The problem is, not too many students are aware of this. It's difficult for the SCSU to advertise the fact that they don't support the bookstore's ethics. Tremblay describes their position as impossible: "We can't just approach the line-up outside the bookstore and advertise used books," he says.

Students won't have much luck buying used books from the U of T Bookstores, either. Although the bookstore buys them back at a small fraction of the original price, they are resold again at much higher prices. This concern is voiced to Junger, who, at a loss for words, simply shrugs and smiles. Clearly, the bookstore is adhering to its maximum-profit rule at the students' expense. It's just business as usual, and the scary thing is, we're getting used to it.

Find books on-line at:

www.chapters.indigo.ca
www.amazon.com
www.barnesandnoble.com

arts

Bob Martin talks about life after U of T

by Keith Friedlander
Arts Editor

Bob Martin entered University of Toronto in 1981. Beginning with a major in theatre at Victoria College, he later concentrated on English and film studies at Innis. Now an experienced writer and actor in Canadian television and theatre Bob's newest role is as puppeteer for Cuddles the comfort doll in the new Comedy Network series *Puppets Who Kill*. I had a chance to talk to Bob about going to school at U of T and the transition to making a living in the arts.

When I asked Bob to relate to me his time at U of T, he told me he wasn't heavy into extra curricular activities, but he obviously stayed pretty active. Acting part-time and editing Victoria College's literary journal were among the things that he did on the side. But according to him the most valuable thing he got out of university was a work ethic. Deadlines helped him learn to write, and a couple of his better professors influenced him towards the media of film and theatre.

We discussed what it was like to make the transition from studies to making a living as a writer/actor. Bob emphasized the importance of getting out with your own projects. He found writing workshops and other such groups counter-productive for their lack of supportive push. As a result, Bob worked on developing his own material. "It's better to get up on stage," he advised me, "Doing my own work led to other work".

It was a slow build, but Bob began writing shows for the fringe circuit around Toronto and joined a group of other creative writers. He worked with Don McKellar, creator of *Twitch City*; a CBC show based in Kensington Market, and also appeared on the main stage of Toronto's Second City. Since then he has run the Canadian acting circuit, guest-starring on programmes such as *Traders* and *Made in Canada*. "The work is there to get in TV," he told me when I asked about the accessibility of Canadian television. "It's harder in theatre."

Still, Bob's highest accolades and greatest satisfaction has always come from the work he's done writing and performing in Toronto. It's through his writing that he makes his living. He especially appreciates the Fringe Festival, which he describes as an excellent place for networking and developing projects. It was through the fringe circuit that he came to work with John Pattison, the creator of *Puppets Who Kill*. Pattison has worked as a puppeteer on such other shows as *Fraggle Rock* and *Groundling Marsh*. The two first met during their time at Second City, and Bob watched John develop the idea for *Puppets Who Kill* from a one-man-show about a possessed mannequin out to kill its master.

Puppets Who Kill has already garnered a rather harsh review from this publication, so I was interested to get Bob's opinion of the show. "I'm interested to see how it will go over," he told me. He goes on to explain that the Comedy Network was very obliging in giving John control over his project, and that the end result was an interesting mix of quirky and dark humour. According to Bob, John really sinks into the darker side of his mind to come up with the shows bizarre stories. You have to disappear into John's mind to appreciate the humour. People will either really like it or be turned off by it.

Puppets Who Kill premieres October 11 on the Comedy Network, so you can judge for yourself whether it's worth your attention. As for Bob Martin (though he admits he isn't very experienced as a puppeteer,) he'll likely be doing more seasons as Cuddles the comfort doll. The show was great fun to create, he explains, and it isn't so much about one's experience as a puppeteer as it is the amount of personality he can bring to the character.

Moreover, it's encouraging to hear from an established writer, actor and U of T alumnus, that the best advice is to follow your interests.

CBC's Arty New-media Website Fails To Inspire

by Sarah Barmak

120seconds.com is a division of CBCRadio3 website devoted to the promotion of new forms of art on the web. The site is largely designed to showcase various new media projects by various Canadian-grown poets, graphic artists, filmmakers, and other avant-types who flirt with the project of warping modern art. It is also meant to demonstrate that the CBC is changing with the times and is not at risk of becoming irrelevant in the new world of web-based media. As a showcase of good art, the site truly impresses in a few instances, but most of the works are forgettable. Though the problematic pieces sometimes fail because of difficulties or miscalculations inherent in the media, the biggest reason for their failure is that strong art tends to have a reasonably good conceptual basis, something that is lacking in most of these pieces. They work hard at being quirky and edgy, and yet are without the roundness of works that have been planned out a bit more -- they lack purposiveness, as the jargon goes, but not without pretension. They're not even all that entertaining, and usually they're just plain boring. I reviewed a few of the better ones, and I encourage people to check out one or two, if only to see what is possible.

One section is called Visual Poetry, and was part of the Vancouver Word on the Street literary festival. It was commissioned by the CBC, and the blurb says it features "stunning visual interpretations and deconstructions of the poet's powerful word play". The poems appear bit by bit in a Flash presentation layered over images and ambient sounds. The first poem is called "Getting Out of Burnaby", by Doretta Lau, with visuals by Lilli Wong, and is about childhood in a small town. The simple images of high-rises contrasted with one single-story house on a bare hill parallel the run-down, semi-rural world of the poem, although the representations are dully literal: when it mentions a 7-11, a 7-11 sign appears. The progress of the visuals and the text is irritatingly slow (my screensaver popped up), and although this effectively mirrored the pace of life in an empty town where nothing ever happens, I thought it unrealistic to expect someone to stay with it for that long.

Another poem, "This City", by Cass King (words) and Peter Hoang (visuals/sounds) has much more happening. In it, everyday grunge is a metaphor for the diseased, stunned, and stunted residents the poet encounters in his home city of Vancouver. The whimsical verbiage ('saketini', 'alkool') plays well with the gorgeously jangling plays-on-words and their sounds ("green city, mean and venal, menial city"). The text moves much faster than in the previous poem, which is an improvement. It also gives precedence, whether intentional or not, to the text over the other components. The visuals are few and simple, and the font used is just plain black serif--disappointing in an experiment where the point is to push visual limits as well as verbal. The poem would do just as well on its own or especially read live.

My main critique of these poems is that their "interpretations and deconstructions" are really just representations. In King's case, where the poem was too intricate and subtle to be translated directly into visuals, the designer resorted to a background depicting moody, urban images, instead of taking a creative dialogue with hidden meanings in the text. The idea of visual poetry is not a bad one, but it has been done before and to better effect by other sites showcased in the past in magazines like *Vice*.

The rest of the site is a mishmash of videos ranging from spoken word to animation to reality-style reporting. Brian MacDonald's "Jeremy's Head" is one of the gems: a comic/pathetic monologue by a young man with "conditions". He's worried about his head--specifically about the fact that his brother used to sit on it as a kid, and he now has a suspicious lack of concentration. It is short and sweet. One of the reality-TV pieces, *Meet the Freaks*, interviews Vancouver's various eccentrics and weirdoes with certain comic results. It is clear that this site is sure to be around for a while and the videos seem to rotate in availability. It is certainly worth a look for any young cineaste with a digital handheld and hankering for some grant money to produce your video diddles.

Check it out at:
http://www.120seconds.com

reviews

Good enough for fans of Chan

Film: *The Tuxedo*
Genre: Action /Comedy
Starring: Jackie Chan, Jennifer Love Hewitt and Jason Issacs
Director: Kevin Donovan
Producer: Dreamworks
Rating: ★★★☆☆

Holly Cousineau

A specific quota can be expected from any given Jackie Chan film. One can anticipate to see intriguing fight scenes that are seemingly impossible to reproduce and to hear jokes that appeal to virtually every age group. This winning formula remains constant in Chan's newest project that has paired him up with Jennifer Love Hewitt. At first, I thought she would ruin the film, much like she destroyed her singing career with her latest album. Surprisingly though, she portrays her character, a sassy rookie, impeccably. Together, Chan and Hewitt are an original, quirky duo.

The Tuxedo is the story of Jimmy Tong (Chan), a mild-mannered guy who finds himself battling against an evil water-monger, who wishes to control the world's supply of H2O. Chan begins the movie as a love struck cabby with one to many speeding violations to contend with. Strangely enough, this bad habit proves to be useful when an unusual client offers him a job based on his unique driving style. With his new placement he finds himself chauffeuring Clark Devlin (Jason Isaacs), a wealthy socialite with a secret identity. With time their friendship grows until only one household rule exists between them. In a familiar "sorcerer's apprentice" kinda way, Jimmy must never wear Mr. Devlin's tuxedo.

After an attempted assassination lands Devlin in the hospital, Jimmy finds out his employer's hidden identity. Acting quickly and at Devlin's demand, he puts on the forbidden suit, impersonates Devlin and winds up on an assignment with an unsuspecting agent. Even though, Jimmy is outfitted with a computerized tuxedo that enables him to do anything he desires, he still has to deal with the suit's unknown configuration and Blaine. Del Blaine (Hewitt) is an intelligent agent with a crass attitude, who winds up working with Jimmy on her first field assignment. Together, they attempt to take down the aforementioned evil bottled water company.

Dietrich Banning, Jimmy's nemesis and head of the water company, is a poorly developed character that lacks lines in the film. Even worse, his evil scheme is based on completely false scientific facts which I'll let you figure out for yourself.

Nevertheless, throughout the movie, Chan and Hewitt experience failed missions, hi-jinks and some provocative moments. While Hewitt has a chance to prove her worth as an actress, Chan once again wows audiences with his trademark stunts. Overall, the film was entertaining, although it surely didn't keep me on the edge of my seat. Nonetheless, Jackie Chan fans will probably enjoy it.

Dueling reviewers feel luke-warm about Red Dragon

Film: *Red Dragon*
Genre: Thriller
Director: Brett Ratner
Starring: Ed Norton, Anthony Hopkins, Ralph Fiennes
Produced: Universal Pictures
Keith's Rating: ★★☆☆☆
Morgan's Rating: ★★☆☆☆

Keith: For the first in our series of dueling reviews (that will likely just degrade into ranting and banter) Morgan and I will be looking at Red Dragon, the prequel to the Hannibal Lecter films, based on the novels by Thomas Harris. First of all the plot... Morgan...

Morgan: There was a plot?

K: Well as the first in the series of Lecter books Red Dragon follows the investigation of Will Graham (played by Ed Norton), the man who caught Lecter, into a ghastly series of serial murders that seem inspired in no small part by Lecter's notoriety. But in order to catch the killer...

M: He has to become him?

K: No, he has to collaborate with Lecter (Anthony Hopkins) who nearly killed him.

M: Would be cooler if he had to become him, they could have gotten fat John Travolta to be Graham and we would have two cannibals who could have had romantic candle-lit dinners. However, had they paid Travolta's fee they might have had just enough cheddar left over for a couple of candles so it's really just as well. Come to think of it, romance is what's totally missing from this movie. Hannibal, for all its flaws at least had that...

K: So how would you say it compares over all to the previous Lecter movies? Where Silence of the Lambs was a celebrated psychological thriller, Hannibal brought us the hilarity of man-eating pigs and a guy eating his own brain. What is Red Dragon's niche?

M: Well Keith, I'm glad you mentioned brain-eating, as it certainly is hilarious. If anything Red Dragon brings a guy in a wheelchair, rolling down the street while burning alive to the annals of film history, a noteworthy addition in any age. No doubt we will see even more wheelchair bound people lit aflame on film due to the success of this movie. By success, I mean from a financial point of view because one of the few things this movie does right is make money. Brett Ratner is essentially maiming, I mean making a movie here that didn't need to be made. I liked it the first time it was made when it was called Manhunter and adapted by Michael Mann in the 80s.

K: One of the things that bothered me about Red Dragon is that while it seldom deviated from the events of the book, Ratner took such a formulaic approach to filming it that the movie itself suffered from pacing problems.

M: While I have not read the book I can definitely concur that Bret Ratner is an idiot.

K: I didn't call him that.

M: Sure you did, anyway his ham-fisted approach to movie making may work alright for action-comedies like his culture-clash opus, Rush Hour 2, but it only hurts Red Dragon. One would hope that Lecter movies would require a little bit of the sophistication supposedly inherent to the great villain himself, but Red Dragon plays out like a cheap slasher movie, complete with requisite last-minute plot twist. Hannibal may have been an incredibly self-indulgent piece as is typical of most Ridley Scott films, but at least it was visually interesting and even unusual at times. It chills me to the core of my being that Warner Bros has entrusted the new SUPERMAN movie to an unsubtle hack like Ratner.

K: I think what Red Dragon really lacked in comparison to the book was the psychological issue of Graham being a crazy bastard. Whereas in the story Graham is greatly disturbed by his ability to get into the mind of serial killer, in the movie it mostly just seems to make Norton sleepy. Whereas in the book Hannibal plays on this anxiety to whittle away at Graham's composure, in the movie he uses it to get a free meal out of him. But we're running out of time so let's talk about Ralph Fiennes as the villain of the piece.

M: Not yet. You know who else is a crazy bastard? Anyone who actually spends money to see this 'film'. I sure am glad I saw it for free... that was sweet. You know who else was sleepy? Me, during this movie. Norton tries to get into the mind of a serial killer, but does such a lack-lustre job that I would rather personally climb into the bed of a serial killer than see this movie again. On the other hand Fiennes rocked and saved the day.

K: Yeah, Fiennes kicked ass. So, final thoughts. I think fans of the book will be mildly pleased with the movie, fans of Hannibal won't care either way and most everyone else will be too bored to form a real opinion.

M: I would rather have Lecter eat my skull than see this movie again. Fiennes should get a medal for being in a movie this terrible and still turning in an epic performance. I remember when the same could have been said about Hopkins, but in this movie, his vaunted Lecter character has become little more than a cartoon. Eccentric comments about cannabilism and fava beans were great... in 1991. Its clear that for Hopkins and Norton who are capable of so much more, this movie was a paycheque... not art. If you like movies, then see me and we can start a collection to hire a professional assassin to end Ratner's life and hopefully save the world from a terrible SUPERMAN movie.

Editor's Note: The Underground does not condone homicide, hired or otherwise, no matter how deserving Mr. Ratner might, in fact, be. Readers are cautioned that hiring a hitman is very likely to be some sort of criminal offense.

life

Studying the Concrete Peacock

by Geoff Micks
Life Editor

Students need books; it's a simple fact. Be it for an assignment, background research, general interest, or simply as a prop to make yourself look more intelligent, reading material is the life-blood of the educational system. Students are in constant need of reading material. And ordinarily this is no problem at a university like UTSC. But with the Vincent W. Bladen Library operating in a much reduced capacity this year, almost everyone is going to have make the journey to the John P. Robarts Research Library on the St. George campus.

While libraries are usually thought of as unassuming edifices, Robarts has moxy [sic]. At sixty-seven meters tall, the concrete peacock rules the roost, dominating the surrounding neighbourhood with its fourteen-story tall tail. Inside, almost eighty-one square kilometers of floor space holds the single largest collection of books in the University of Toronto Library system, along with thirteen smaller libraries, centres, and research departments. Its collection is so great that the building's architect underestimated the weight of eight million books, and its foundations have sunk, ever so slightly, under its heavy burden.

Even before the building was finished construction, people knew it was going to revolutionize the way universities thought about libraries. In Martin Friedland's *The University of Toronto: A History* you can read about the 1972 Robarts sit-in. Originally the library was only to be accessed by professors, researchers, and graduate students. Outraged at being excluded from such a valuable facility, twenty-five undergrads camped-out in the University senate chambers, demanding the senate hold a meeting to repeal the decision. Police forcibly removed the protesters and arrested several. The next day five hundred undergraduates showed up to protest the exclusion of undergraduates from Robarts. Jack Sword, acting-President of the University of Toronto, broke up the second sit-in by promising to lend his personal support to the undergraduates' cause. Friedland quoted Vice-President Ross' memoirs, saying that the protests "[were] the potentially most dangerous to the university among all the student demonstrations which took place" in his twenty-five year career.

When the doors to Robarts were opened in 1973, it became the central hub of the University of Toronto's library system. At the time it was one of the largest collections of books in any one place, second only to the American Congressional Library. Today it hovers at fifth place in the Association of Research Libraries' Top Ten List. Apart from its eight million volumes, the Robarts' collection contains a quarter of a million maps, miles of microfiche, subscriptions to every major periodical on the planet and hundreds of computers.

Walking through the stacks is an intimidating experience. "It's like being in the Labyrinth. You turn a corner and expect to see the Minotaur," said one third year student. Seven floors of books, accessible only by passing a security check point and taking high speed elevators, detail, in dozens of languages, mankind's collected knowledge on all things pertaining to Social Sciences and Humanities.

Time stands still in the library. Sounds travel eerily, echoing off hard floors, metal shelves. An individual that drops a book becomes the center of a frightening tableau, where everyone stares. There is no shushing. Everyone knows that anything above a whisper is wholly inappropriate in this building. And yet, humour is not dead inside the belly of the concrete peacock. In an effort to ease congestion in the elevators, the architects built several stairwells connecting the different floors of stacks. At each landing of the stairwell a bold red and white sign announces to the uncertain, "THIS IS NOT AN EMERGENCY STAIRWELL." Someone has written on the sign: "So if it's an emergency we can't use it?"

Robarts is one of the most heavily used buildings on the downtown campus. It has five express elevators to the stacks, each capable of holding twenty-two people at a time. The ground floor has a massive computer lab donated by Scotiabank, and there are several floors of reading rooms, periodical repositories, meeting rooms, and restaurants. You can find every publication from every campus, with the exception of the Underground, arrayed on a dozen racks by the escalators.

Some UTSC students will be satisfied with the Bladen library's limited abilities. For the rest, a trip to Robarts is almost certainly in their future. As inconvenient as the commute downtown will be, there are few other libraries on Earth that would better justify the trip.

Parking in the Outer Lots

Enforcement and Theft Prevention

Cpl. Chris Moy

Enforcement - Permits and Designated Spaces
When you park in the Outer Lots at UTSC, displaying a valid transponder or cash receipt in your vehicle is not enough. You must also be parked in a designated parking space. In paved lots, these are denoted by yellow lines. In the gravel lots these are marked by concrete curbs. Parking on the grass along the shoulder of a driveway, or anywhere else without designated parking spaces, may result in the issuance of a $40 City of Toronto Parking Infraction Notice. If you are parked illegally and blocking another vehicle your vehicle may be towed. Towing Company information is posted in each parking lot. Charges related to towing could be up to $117.00 plus the cost of the parking ticket. **Illegal parking and blocking in other vehicles is an inconvenience to everyone.** Please pay attention to where you are parking.

Protect Your Vehicle - Don't Be a Victim of Opportunity
In previous years, UTSC Police have observed a significant increase in the number of thefts and acts of vandalism occurring in the parking areas around campus, including the outer parking lots off Military Trail. Many of these thefts have been crimes of opportunity. In order to reduce the likelihood of your vehicle being broken into or stolen, UTSC Police make the following recommendations:

- Turn off the ignition and take the keys with you, even if you are stepping away from the vehicle for a short time. Keep your spare keys in your wallet, not in your car.
- Completely close and lock all doors, windows, the sunroof and the trunk. Many times a thief has to do nothing more than reach through an open window to steal your property from within.
- Take your possessions with you. If this is not possible, put all items of value, such as loose change, CD cases, purses, briefcases, gifts, etc. in the trunk or under the seats and do not leave them in direct view. Remember, a thief will not know that your laptop case is empty until after they have broken into your vehicle.
- Avoid parking behind fences or hedges. Be cautious of surrounding obstructions and natural barriers that may be concealing a thief.
- Park in well-lit areas near pedestrian traffic if your vehicle will be left after dark. The better the lighting around your vehicle, the better the chances of a thief being spotted before damaging your car.
- Engrave your stereo and other on-board valuables with your driver's license number. Drop business cards or address labels inside doors to assist with vehicle identification in the event your vehicle is stolen and subsequently recovered.
- Install an anti-theft device to protect your stereo, or buy a unit that's removable and take it with you when you park.
- If you see any suspicious person or activity near a vehicle, call the police immediately.
- Invest in a good anti-theft device. Modified vehicles with custom parts are often targeted.

Some of the more common anti-theft systems are described below:

- Ignition Kill Switch - Toggle switch spliced into ignition that disables vehicle when "off."
- Fuel Kill Switch - Switch spliced into fuel system wiring that halts fuel supply when "off."
- Steering Wheel Lock (The CLUB) - prevents steering wheel from turning.
- Gearshift Lock - Locks gearshift in place and disables shifting transmission.
- Hood Locks - prevents access to battery and other car components.
- Steering Column Collar - protects entry to ignition through column.
- Electronic Alarms - Ones with kill switches are most effective.

Remember the UTSC Police are on duty 24 hours a day, 365 days a year and should be called immediately at *416-287-7333* or from one of the emergency phones installed around campus if you see any suspicious activity in the parking lots. Suspicious activities would include persons loitering in an area, someone trying the doors on numerous vehicles, someone looking into the windows of a parked vehicle or a person who hides their face or stops what they are doing and walks away when you approach. If you have information concerning the vandalism, theft from or of a vehicle while parked at the University of Toronto at Scarborough please call UTSC Police at 416-287-7398 or Student Crime Stoppers at **416-222-TIPS.**

Bored *Stiff*?

Nocturnal Street Whores On Rez

Julie "banana yellow" Harper & Sophie "pink peach" Nicholson

Have you ever been so bored that shopping for blue toilet duck or 2000 flushes toilet bricks really cranks your engine? Well we never have, but if its occurred to you that's pretty damn sad!

While sitting on our beer-bottled-strewn picnic table, we decided that tonight sobriety is not an option. At the moment we smell like men, and it's driving us CRAZY. In fact, one might even say that we are in need of a couple of cold showers. This does not always work, but why else were detachable, massaging showerheads invented? We have realized that as a result of our boredom we have become extremely horny. We have even asked a complete stranger, turned buddy (aka Neptune), the size and girth of his penis (10 inch. and Yes Ladies and Gents he has measured it!) We pause and smile to reflect on this magical moment.

Most people will be embarrassed to admit that their lives lack that 'je ne sais quoi' that makes life less boring. We are the experts on procrastination and time consumption, so we have the perfect prescription for your wandering mind. The first thing we do when we are bored is twiddle our thumbs- both clock and counter clock wise. Sometimes we will even upgrade to the 'Rubber Pencil' trick. No matter how many times you do this, it never gets old and is always cool-Fucking A.

However, what if your house "isn't smelling so fresh"? No one likes to put a lot of time into cleaning their house and even more so if there is jizz caked into the carpet, especially since it is always believed that it was the other housemates who caused the mess in question- not that night of amnesia you had. House cleaning, however, can be a major stress reliever. You can get out all that built up anger in a cathartic burst of kitchen floor cleansing- yummy: Country fresh. "Thanks again Mr. Clean you always polish our tiles just right". And if truly inspired one could round-up all those empty beer bottles lying out back and take them back to the beer store for more money.

If cleaning the house isn't your forte, but nudity is, grab a full-length mirror and listen-up. Try onyou're your lingerie or your 'birthday-suit' and pretend you are in a porn-shoot in front of the mirror. (Please don't be shocked, we have been obscene for the past 3 weeks and this is nothing new.) This means you can waste time, turn yourself on and explore what it means to be you. Note: digital cameras make things much more interesting. Also make sure to close curtains, unless you are up for a free show- this can also be entertaining for passers-by, and you will receive a flow of calls from then on in!

If exposing yourself isn't your cup of tea, then perhaps you should mix up a gimlet or grape knee high (both of which are drinks) and pop on "10 Things I Hate About You". Watching movies when you're bored is relaxing, fun and not too physically exerting. Who really wants to have to do stuff, let alone go somewhere to get stuff to do? You still following what we are saying?

If you are an extremist or a trendy hipster, have a child or two. Why not? Everyone else in Scarborough under the age of 25 is doing it. You can bring your new 'accessory' to Wal-mart for a day of screaming fun. Other mothers from ages 12-25 will welcome you into this new sisterhood.

If you are the type that can't sit still and you want to actually do stuff when you're bored, think "bedroom." No, not that you pervert. Sleeping is what we're talking about. It is by far one of the top 5 past-times. Another is to open a good bottle of wine, carry it with a glass to your room, turn on some classical music and masturbate profusely while chatting with your cybersex buds online. Or you could always go to the gym and work-off all that tension you've been building up.

These things are all enjoyable, but one must be realistic. We are at school to study and get good grades, so who really has time to be bored when you are already at least a month behind in your classes, especially if you've been in agreement with our thoughts on procrastination. So next time you are sitting around re-evaluating your plans for taking over the world, you should reflect on what might benefit you the most: An education.

Note: Sexual intercourse is not considered procrastination, and is part of a complete breakfast.

Our weekly words of wisdom: Mufflers make tremendous amounts of noise. So there is an abundance of distraction while playing with bratwurst and toys.

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rants

Twenty-five Dollars for a Lesson in Life

a rant, by Matt Cimone

The whir of the city streets, the patter of footsteps and the clang of the cash register at the Seven Eleven were all swallowed by the high-pitched clicking of the starter motor as Jeff made a futile attempt to start the vehicle. It wasn't so much the sound itself that made the rest of the world vanish in that moment, but the realization that we were stuck in this parking lot at the corner of Jane and Wilson after midnight.

Jeff turned the key again. This time: Nothing. The lights of the car flickered and were extinguished. "Well..." I said, "Time to start asking for jumper cables." I began to proceed toward another car in the Seven Eleven parking-lot, while Jeff cautiously eyed a group of Honda Civics out front of the Sheridan Mall. A container of poutine sailed passed me, the cheese floating through the air, stretching and straining. Its greasy essence dissolved and became one with asphalt. I followed the imaginary flight path of the favored food until I recognized its point of origin: A big blue Suburban.

"Excuse me ma'am. Do you happen to have any jumper cables?" What I receive for my question is a look of confusion. I could have been from another land in a far off place. Perhaps even from another world. Or perhaps a fifth appendage had grown mysteriously from my body in the last few moments without my notice. But whatever the cause, I decided it was best to continue elsewhere on my quest.

In the distance I heard a voice cry out. I turned to see a man running towards us, waving his arms frantically. "Are you having car troubles?" he asked. "Yes. Yes we are." I replied. Continuing in a thick Italian accent, the man explained to us that he was building a crematorium and his fellow workers had accidentally taken the keys to his car. Jeff and I took quick glances of each other not sure where the next phase of our adventure might lead us. "If you give me the twenty-five dollars to get home, I will find you booster cables *and* come back tomorrow to the hotel you are staying in to pay you back." All things considered it was an agreement made in the mental fog of excitement, adrenaline, disparity, and maybe a little ignorance. But there, saturated by light gypsy rain (as my new found European would call the mist) and some confused onlookers from Seven Eleven, a covenant was formed.

And so our nameless friend dashed off towards the closest group of people he could find in search of booster cables. "Oh no." Jeff said watching wide-eyed as our would-be savior dashed towards the flashing cars occupying the Sheridan Mall parking lot. "Meh, they won't hurt him." I replied. "I can't believe you gave him twenty-five dollars! I am getting nervous about this. Let's just push the car down the road." But in the spirit of trust and curiosity, we made the decision to stay. A blue Civic lit up its tires, squealed a corner narrowly missing the curb, and pulled into the parking lot beside me. Two figures stepped from the car. Cut off sleeves, gold chains and a business card for an auto detailing company bound them to a subculture that I know nothing about. "Wassup?" Was the only word they said. One of them proceeded to open their trunk. "Oh, I don't have any cables after all."

Something drastically wrong was about to happen in that moment. It wasn't from me, or Jeff or even the Honda Civic crew, but something just snapped in the night air and suddenly our little Italian friend exploded. "You told me you had cables! Now you have made me into a liar!" His screams caught the attention of the rest of the crowd at the Sheridan Mall. Jeff snapped a quick glance towards me, motioning to get into the car and leave. The men from the Civic began to climb back into their car when our companion screamed at them again. "No wonder you couldn't understand me. You waste your money on all of this." He lunged forward laying his hands on the subwoofer box in the still open trunk. His hands wrapped around its edges as he began to try to tear it from its mounting. "This is not good. This is not good!" Jeff said. I agreed. "Your crazy man!" yelled the occupants of the Civic as the car sped away. The Italian man ran off and again we were left alone in the parking lot. Jeff threw the car into neutral. "He's going to get us killed, let's go!" Dodging traffic and ignoring blasts from horns, Jeff and I rolled the car down Wilson back to the Ramada hotel where it stayed, safely, until the following morning. When we arrived he collapsed on the truck. His body heaved with laughter. "I can't believe you gave that guy twenty-five dollars." We went back to look for our poor friend, but we did not find him. At least we knew he had the money to get home. And we managed to find a boost the following day.

The random moments like these can be some of the most memorable times we ever have. And I firmly believe that we can always find something to be learned in all of them. So what about this particular example? Firstly, always make sure your car battery is in good condition. Secondly, be cautious about taking small town folk like myself with you on big city adventures. We tend to sometimes underestimate what can really happen in potentially dangerous situations. But lastly, as the good Lord tells us, be a cheerful giver. If you someone in the streets, claiming to be lost or poor, it matters little what somebody does with the money that you give them. Certainly they may truly be in need. Certainly they may simply waste it on old habits. But the importance here is not their actions but your willingness to give. I told Jeff that too. "Great, if we go out on one of these adventures again, I will let you be the cheerful one."

Single Serving Jack

a rant, by Nathan Barnard

Upon entering my third year at UTSC I have noticed a disturbing trend which has grown more predominant with the completion of each class. The people I meet here single are serving friends. Between the beginning of the course and the exam we have time together but that's all we get. This epiphany came from watching "Fight Club" one too many times (hence the title of the article). Despite where I derive my inspiration the parallels in this case are too uncanny to be ignored.

Now to say the every person I've met becomes lumped into this single serving category is a gross generalization, but for the most part, its true. You meet this people in your class, and have your trivial discussions about the week's readings, assignments and so on and so forth. Does anything ever evolve out of this mild acquaintance? Typically...no. After the class is finished you will rarely see them again and if you do the greeting (if any) is usually sub par.

"Why does this happen?" I keep asking myself. Perhaps I am just the kind of person who is truly unbearable and everyone is just avoiding me. However there are several reasons I believe (other then the unlikely stated above) for which this transpires.

1. Lack of common interests: The fact that fellow students are in your program does not mean that you will share anything in common besides being lumped into the same lecture. Everyone has his or her own tastes and opinions which may or may not conflict with yours. Either way you are less likely to tolerate any grievances from someone who is still basically a complete stranger. If you can't connect with them on any level besides academic the relationship has a much higher chance of fizzling and becoming just a dead end. A vast majority of the people I met in my first year has faded away for solely this reason.

2. Limited exposure to that individual: Even if the unlikely occurs and you find a commonality from which you can relate, seeing that person for maybe an hour or two a week will not be enough to cement anything remotely substantial. In some cases you may have these people in other classes but once again the time is finite. Talking with them on break or five minutes before you get into the lecture hall does not qualify as a meaningful friendship. Most students at UTSC commute to the campus from all regions ranging from downtown, to Markham, to Ajax. The last thing they want to do after class is loiter around the hallways for a pointless conversation.

3. Lack of ambition: This aspect goes part in parcel with the desire to stick around or even meet outside of campus at a bar, pub or any other place of socialization. Sometimes when your workload is to the point where you mutter all day "I hate my life" you can't be bothered with trying to get to know somebody better from your latest class. In addition if you already possess a solid circle of friends you are less likely to actively seek out another acquaintance to add into your phone directory. Being lazy is a trait that everyone displays at one time or another and neither you or your single serving friend can really be blamed.

4. An overall recognition that they will become another face in the crowd: This is something that I personally learned when I entered high school. All of your chums from elementary may stay in touch for a while but eventually wander off to new groups of people and then you don't even remember why you hung around them in the first place. By the fifth year of high school they blend seamlessly into the lockers are you walk down the hall. At university I don't think that this is any different. Upon graduation it is almost a certainty that you will never encounter any of these folk again. It does sound somewhat pessimistic but there are things in life that you sometimes have to expect.

This article sounds like I have had a very bitter experience at UTSC but that is not the case. I have met many wonderful people and made friendships that I will ensure shall never dwindle. Out of every experience, no matter how unbearable at times, will always have positive consequences which should make you a better person. However for the rest of the masses you will all go your separate ways into the real world and eventually forget about your single serving friends.

Free City Rhymes

a rant, by Christian Lucier

Last Saturday, I had one of those nights that don't exactly turn out as planned. However, what did happen far exceeded my expectations for the night. The Saturday night played out as follows.

The night began with a mixed group of friends and myself waiting outside the Brunswick House (Ye Olde), more commonly known as the Brunny. If you haven't been to this establishment before, think of it as a toilet after a night of Taco Bell and rye shooters. Rumors have it that this shit hole has even been busted for recycling beer. So, why am I waiting to get into this bar? Beats the hell out of me. I had a few at my friend's house and she and her friends wanted to come here. At this point, I would have gone to confession just so long as they were serving.

The girls had it in their mind that this place was a blast. I would too if I didn't have to wait in line. The Brunny works under the balanced crowd policy. This means that the bar ensures that there will be an equal mix of both guys and girls. It was just my luck that there were about a billion frigging guys in the line that night. The girls that were with us decided to go in ahead, because as they put it, "You'll be inside in like two minutes!" Bull shit. My two friends and I waited outside for about thirty minutes and believe it or not ended up farther away from the door, go figure?

The wait was driving me insane. I have my own policy, "Under no circumstance should I ever wait for beer." Just then, one of my buddies said to me, "This bar is bunk." I had to agree with him, it was pretty lame. The Brunny didn't have what was required to hold my attention. Its problem was that it was like every other bar: overpriced drinks, loud and obnoxious tunes, and eventually a full blown out sausage party. No thanks, exit stage left.

I felt pretty bad leaving my lady friends at the bar, but it was either that or wait another two hours to hear bloody Nelly tell me how hot it was in there. Fuck that noise. About a block down the road, my other friend tells me about this place called the Dance Cave, which is found on the second floor of Lee's Palace. What the hell? It wasn't like we had another place in mind and I was feeling optimistic, either that or it was the booze.

Lee's Palace ended up being about five minutes away from the Brunny. Once we got upstairs we found out that there was no cover so long as you had a student card. How sweet it is! My first impression of the Dance Cave was the Emporium from "Dazed and Confused", except that there was a large hardwood dance floor with a big disco ball. Conveniently around the dance floor there were numerous comfortable tables and booths. The place wasn't packed, but it eventually filled out. Drinks were about three dollars and eighty cents if I remember correctly. Not too shabby for downtown.

There are three things that are worth mentioning about the Dance Cave. The crowd is excellent. No one cramps your space or gets in your face. Manners actually exist in this bar due to its laid back nature. Basically, the crowd consists of some good people simply wanting to have a good time. The music is phenomenal. Not once did I hear a top forty song. The tunes range from James Brown to T. Rex and best of all, the Cure. The dance floor was on fire. There were moves going on that I hadn't seen since Kid 'n' Play tore the roof down in "House Party."

I left the bar satisfied that night. I drank, I laughed, and I cut some serious rug, all because of the quality evening the Dance Cave. Most importantly though, it was a pleasure to have an actual DJ that had a taste in music, as opposed to some Yuppie with a library of "Kiss 92 Jammin' Slammin' Beats." Moral of the story folks: venture into the unknown, take a chance once in awhile, and be open-minded or drink a ton of beer and pretend to be, because you just don't know where you'll end up. Wherever you do though, pray to Jesus that Nelly isn't there.

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Poor is Cool.

a rant, by Kait Raines

This summer I had a job that was vaguely in the service industry and usually involved me standing around watching people at large, arsty-pretentious parties and making sure the party-goers didn't do stuff they weren't supposed to. I was largely ignored by the lovely partygoers, unless they wanted me to grill a pita for them, which wasn't my job... anyway, I began to notice something: these presumably well-off artsy folk dug poverty. I mean, this certainly isn't a new thing - black culture and street culture is always being stolen by big, evil corporations such as Nike - but what was strange was that it wasn't conventionally cool street culture. I saw all these people wearing foamie baseball caps, plaid jackets, cowboy boots, suspenders and trucking company t-shirts. Basically, it was redneck chic.

Then there's the food. At two parties, they served Chinese food in those cool little cardboard stereotypical Chinese takeout boxes. At another, they served pogo sticks and fish and chips wrapped in newspapers. So, apparently, white, working class culture is very cool now with the artsy crowd.

I wonder if they go home and watch *Roseanne* every night.

Maybe it's some ironic thing - *we're so different and far from rednecks, isn't that funny?* Perhaps it's a status symbol - *I'm dressed like this, but I so don't have to.* Or Maybe they're renouncing the trappings of their wealth. It's probably something close to the fact that being rich isn't cool anymore, the way its no longer cool for Nike to use it's trademark swoosh.

And speaking of Nike, they're buying into the whole poor is cool thing too. Did you notice their Nike's new Presto campaign? It's sans swoosh and involves hipsters driving around in a beat up van, spray painting stuff with the new Presto logo.

It seems to me though, that the real irony is the entire fad itself: fabulously wealthy people and companies trying to be cool by pretending to be poor. Yet the people who are really poor are not cool at all. How cool can you be when you can't participate in consumer culture by buying lots of cool luxury goods, electronics and foamie hats? You can't be cool with just the foamie hat or trucking t-shirt that you actually wear on a regular basis. Unless you have the choice to descend from your $200,000 condo (it's only a one bedroom) to the dirty street and to change out of your gorgeously overpriced DKNY t-shirt into a stained plaid jacket, you aren't cool, sorry. The only problem is that being poor is not only uncool, it seriously sucks.

I was hoping that this fad was contained to the elite artsy world, but then the other day I saw a guy driving a Mercedes. Now that's not really a big deal at all, except that he had stuck bullet hole decals all over the door.

Reboot the Computer Labs

a rant, by Meg Hurley

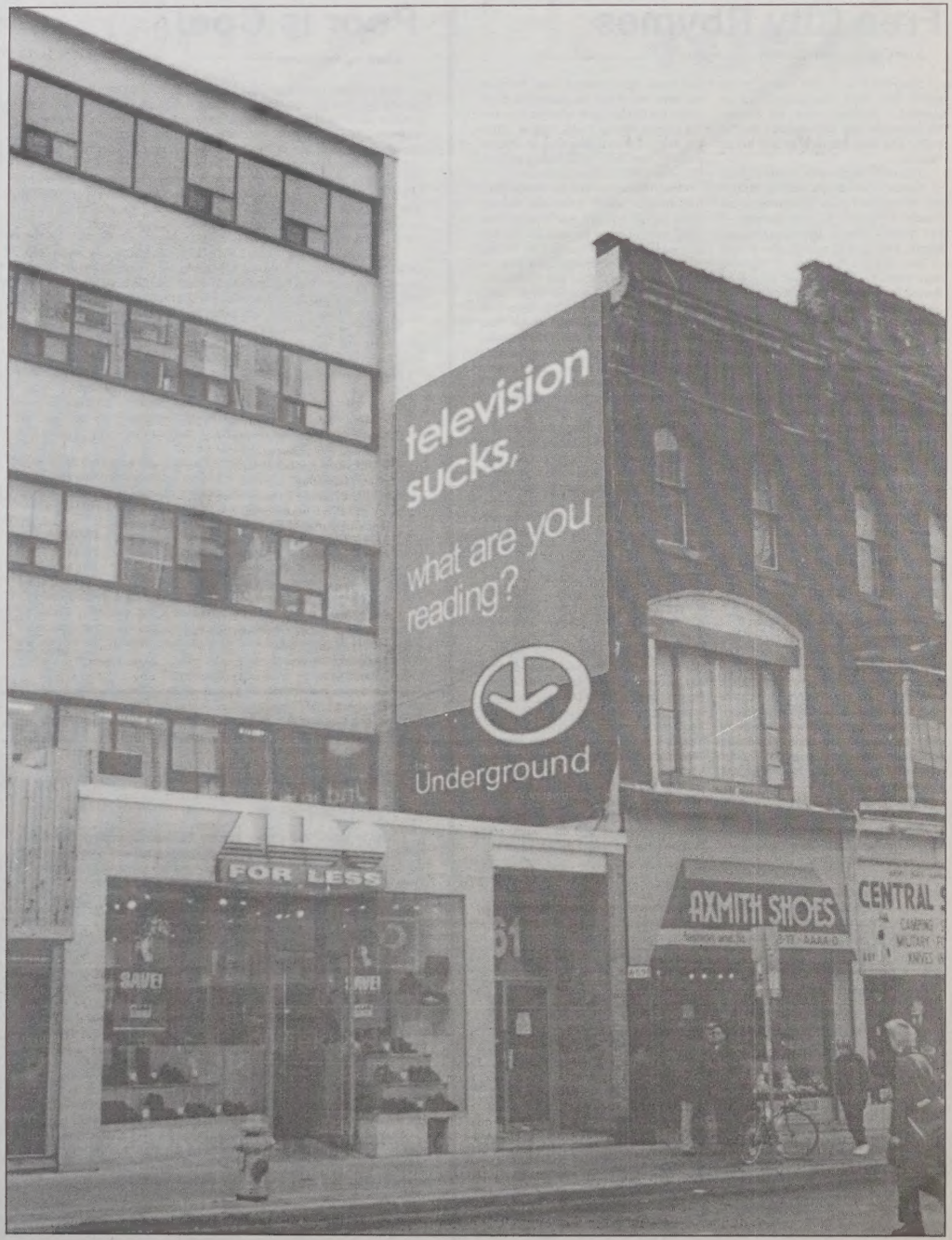
I hate to sound like a bitter student venting my problems through the newspaper, but this school has some serious problems. It is bad enough that we do not have a functioning library and we have no quiet study space, but there is an inconvenient shortage of computers in the school.

I'm a commuter from Whitby (Yes, I know I'm crazy), and on my five hour spares I make use of my time by doing homework. It is a little difficult to type an essay, an article or even a simple email when every single computer in the entire school is occupied by someone writing a five million page essay.

I have wandered through the hallways of ever single floor hoping to find a free computer. Either all of them are taken or an annoying message pops up on the screen saying that the computer is logged in by a user and the user has locked it. If you are not sitting at the computer, then you are obviously not using it at that moment in time, so let me! How annoying it is to see an empty computer station, but you are not able to use it because someone has locked it.

The permanent non-vacancy of the computer labs confirm Geoffrey Micks' theory in his article from *The Underground* entitled " A Twelve Step Program Off Your Computer". It is true that 99% of the UTSC population suffers from a computer addiction because whenever I need to use a computer to do highly classified and very important work, it is a lost cause finding a computer.

After such a frustrating experience journeying through the halls ignorantly thinking that I will be able to find a free computer, I feel that the only solution is to buy a laptop computer to use while I am at school. For all those of you who lock the computers to eat lunch, go to class or workout, stop it!


television sucks,
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Underground
FOR LESS
SAVE!
AXMITH SHOES
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problem-solvers problem-solvers

Showin' Abby who's boss

UPSI is Sachin Hingoo and Chris McKinnon (but not Abigail Van Buren)

NOT Dear Abby

Each week, here at the Underground, the UTSC Problem Solving Initiative will take some time out of their busy schedules to extricate you from any problems that you, the average student or faculty member, are too stupid (or ignorant!) to solve yourself. Our expert team will provide advice and we'll print the answers right here for everyone to see (don't worry, we won't print your name).

So if you have a problem, some query, quandary, or pickle of any kind, please send it to: *make_it_stop@baldandsexy.com* (by the way, this is a real address).

Of course, since no one has sent problems, and we're tired of making up questions, we will be pillaging Dear Abby's popular column and answering her questions, since she is obviously incapable of doing so with any coherence, or as my mom says, "any goddamn sense <kisses teeth>"

"DEAR ABBY": I am a 39-year-old married woman who has lost all hope. I'm a deeply devout person, which made the divorce from my first husband extremely traumatic. When I remarried, I made a religious commitment to make my second marriage work, and under no circumstances would I ever leave my new husband.

I feel I must honour my pledge - even though there is no love or intimacy anymore. My husband has refused me children and provides me nothing but cold, unwanted solitude in our home.

Even though the love is gone (on both sides) and I want out, counseling is not the answer because I have made a pledge to keep my marriage vows.

My doctor has tried to help with prescriptions for my constant depression, but they're not working. My husband is much older than I am and content to have me "there" for him. I feel more trapped in this marriage than I did in my first.

- SICK AT HEART

Dear Sick,

"If she depart, let her remain unmarried, or be reconciled to her husband: and let not the husband put away his wife" (I Corinthians 7:11).

You shouldn't lose hope! At least, not yet. Clearly, you are extremely devoted to your faith and are jacking a place in line to get into Heaven. Don't screw it up by ending your loveless marriage…AGAIN!

You're damn right you should "honour your pledge"! Jesus says that divorce is wrong, and you've already done it once. Now you're thinking of doing it again? What are you trying to do, piss off the King of Kings? Where I come from, that's grounds for a beat-down, Gomorrah-style! You better check yourself before you wreck yourself, girlfriend.

The only solution is to suck it up and just DEAL. It can take months for your meds to start working properly, so give it some time. Otherwise, your doctor is obviously incompetent if he can't find something to deal with your "constant depression". There are a multitude of prescription, non-prescription, and illicit substances that will sweep your mental anguish away faster than a five dollar lap-dance. I'm partial to morphine myself.

But I digress. As far as "cold, unwanted solitude" goes, how can someone feel alone in their house in the year 2002? Don't you have Bob Barker, Montel, Ricki, Jenny, Judges Judy, Mathis and Joe Brown, not to mention those wacky folks from 'Passions' to keep you company? Or get a fucking dog!

You're already treading on thin ice with the Lord from your first divorce. I implore you, He could have a plague of locusts up in your sinning ass like THAT, and don't think he's playin either.

The Lord ain't no so-and-so.

UPSI

"DEAR ABBY": I was married two weeks ago. Every morning, my new husband gets up at 5:30 and goes to his mother's house (where he was living before) to eat breakfast and get ready for work.

He eats dinner at his mom's every night and stays there overnight on Friday and Saturday.

This is becoming exasperating because I rarely see him, and he isn't paying his share of our bills.

Please help me, Abby. I'm going broke.

- BRIDE ON THE BRINK IN MECHANICSVILLE, MD

Dear Bride,

What a sorry state you've gotten yourself into! You've only been married for two weeks and your husband spends that much time with his MOTHER?!

There are several possible reasons why your man won't stay at home, and you're not going to like any of them.

1) You've married a mamma's boy. You will never be able to compete with his mother for attention as she will always exert more control over him than you can. Get a good lawyer and proceed with the annulment.

2) You've married a gay man... Yes, yes, this is an awful stereotype, but you have to wonder about an adult man who wants to spend a Friday night with Mom rather than having crazy-ass newly-wed sex with his wife. Buy a dildo and hang in there. He'll be a good father.

3) You are horribly unattractive. Find a husband with lower standards.

4) Your new husband suffers from a serious Oedipal Complex. Brush up on your Freud and take him to counseling. If that doesn't work: Divorce.

5) His mom cooks better than you. Take a cooking class, or get out of the kitchen. If moneys as tight as you say, maybe you should consider the both of you moving in with his mother. That way, you could share him.

So, Bride, you know what you have to do. If you can't leave him, you'll have to resign yourself to being the second woman in his life, at least until the old bag dies. By the time that happens you might be dried and withered, but maybe you'll stand a chance of some inheritance. Whatever you do, don't bring a baby into this (unless #2 proves correct, in which case go right ahead.) Babies don't fix loveless marriages; sex toys do.

UPSI

*the opinions expressed in the preceding column are not those of Abby of "Dear Abby" fame. Duh.

diversions

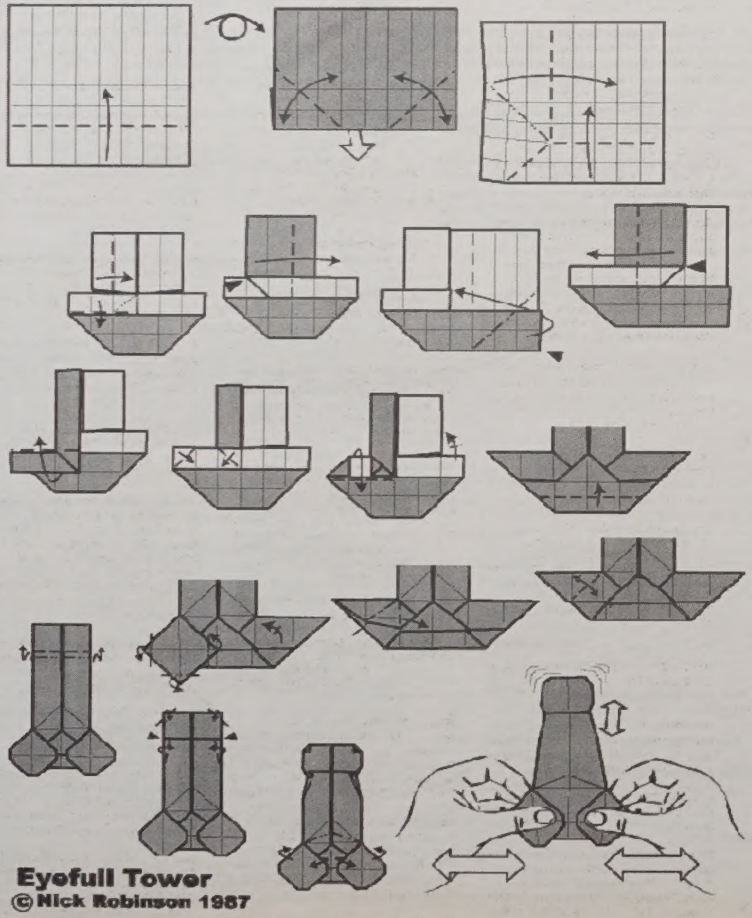
diversions

by
Kelly Lisle
& Ayshia Degia

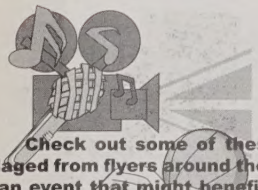
Yet another week has passed, and it is time once again for another column of diversions. This week ***team diversions*** has decided to provide you with one more excuse to waste your time, and recycle your paper. We like to call this special something origami.

It all started last Wednesday when, while cleaning out a box of random crap, Kelly rediscovered her love of paper, and folding it into random, and exciting objects. It's fun, and practical, so why not share this great experience with the student body? After many hours searching for an appropriate origami model for you all to make, we abandoned hope, and chose one that you would at the very least find amusing. And on that note here are the slightly confusing and somewhat complicated instructions for making your very own (highly entertaining) dynamic penis.

We suggest that you make use of Julie and Sophie's article on page 17 in this paper (because it's never that great anyway), to make an appropriately large-sized sheet of origami folding paper…



The diagram seen above was pillaged from the following webpage:
http://www.underground.zork.net/bin/Eyefull.gif



events

Check out some of these underground events... The following is a listing of events information pillaged from flyers around the city, events websites and other low-key or hard-to-find places. If you know of an event that might benefit from a little bit of buzz (i.e. Ticketmaster is not involved) let us know by sending an email with "EVENTS" in the subject line to: *undergnd@utsc.utoronto.ca*

***The Underground* and its staff do not guarantee any information printed in this listing. Do to the often sketchy nature of such events, the details are liable to change, or be outright false. Make use of any contact information provided beforehand.... and otherwise, have fun!**

Oct. 11 Friday Workshop Series. feat. Irina Guletsky, "The Symbolism of Form in the Renaissance Mass", Northrop Frye Hall, 73 Queen's Park, Room 205, 3:15 p.m.

Oct. 11 FREE FRIDAY FILMS AT INNIS COLLEGE. Éloge de l'amour. Innis Town Hall, 2 Sussex Ave. 7:00p.m.

Oct. 12 Toronto Sinfonietta Concert. Isabel Bader Theatre, 93 Charles St., W. 416-233-7468

Oct. 13 Homohop. All ages-party to be held at 5ive nightclub, 5 St. Joseph St. Doors open at 8pm, and close at 2am.

Oct. 17 to 21 Toronto International Art Festival. Metro Toronto Convention Centre, 255 Front St. W., noon to 8p.m. $16 stu/srs, $40 for 4 day pass. 416-872-1212.

Oct. 17 Art Attack. Tranzac Club, 292 Brunswick Ave. 9 - 11p.m. Music, art-making and fun. Free. Info: 416-889-2837

Oct. 18 Friday Workshop Series. feat. Sheila Das, "Paolo Sarpi: History and the Intolerable", Northrop Frye Hall, 73 Queen's Park, Room 205, 3:15 p.m.

Oct. 18 FREE FRIDAY FILMS AT INNIS COLLEGE. Repulsion, preceded by Two Men and a Wardrobe. Innis Town Hall, 2 Sussex Ave. 7:00p.m.

Oct. 18 - University of Toronto Anime and Role-playing Association (UTARPA) presents a film festival in the Sir Sandford Fleming Building, 10 King's College Road, Room 1105.
Doors Open at 6:00 PM
6:30pm Slayers TRY! ep. 21-23
7:45pm Vandread ep. 4-5 English Dubbed
9:00pm BREAK
9:30pm Princess Nine ep. 9-10
10:30pm Hellsing ep. 1
11:00pm Blood The Last Vampire

Oct. 18, 19 Chinese Dance Workshop. Isabel Bader Theatre. 93 Charles St. W. 416-978-3113

Oct. 18 to 20 Gourmet Food and Wine Expo. Metro Toronto Convention Centre, 255 Front St. W., for more info call 416-626-8096x309 or see website at: http://foodandwineshow.ca

Oct. 19 Ya Hala - A Festival of Arab Culture. York Quay Centre, Harbourfront Centre. 235 Queen's Quay W. More info: 416-973-3000

Oct. 19 Fetish Masquerade. The Reverb, 651 Queen St. W. Strict fetish dress-code. $10 at the door. 10p.m.

Oct. 19 Introduction to Tabla Ensemble. Learn how the percussion system from North India works, with Toronto Tabla Ensemble AD Ritesh Das. M-DO Centre for World Music and Dance, 50 Spadina. $30, 4 - 6p.m. Info: 416-306-0332.

Oct. 20 Big Band Jazz, Second Annual Benefit Concert for the Victoria Endowment for the Performing Arts, with the Dave McMurdo Jazz Band. Tickets $40/$25 students, call (416)813-4098, 2:30 p.m

Oct. 20 Black Venus Undressed: An urban exploration of erotica. Tequila Lounge, 794 Bathurst. $15 per person, $25 per couple. Doors open at 7:45p.m., show starts at 8: 30p.m. Details and ticket info: http://www.undressed.ca

Oct. 21 The University Professor Lecture Series: Janice Stein, "Held to Account: Challenges of Governance from the Local to the Global". Isabel Bader Theatre, 93 Charles St. West, 7:00 p.m.

Oct. 22 T. Cooper reads from her novel Some of the Parts. Through the lives of the 4 main characters the reader gets drawn into issues such as terminal illness, gender freaking, sexuality, motherhood and love. After the bookreading, enjoy the screening of T.Cooper's drag king troupe, "The Back Door Boys". Toronto Women's Bookstore, 73 Harbord Street. Admission is free.

Oct. 23 Victoria Women's Association presents **"Our Lady of the Birches: Methodist Mothers and Mary of Nazareth"**, feat. Rev. Dr. Peter Wyatt. Alumni Hall,121 St. Joseph Street. 2:00 p.m.

Oct. 23 - 27 ImagineNative Media Arts Festival. Various locations and times. See website for details.
http://www.imaginenative.org/

Oct. 25 Institute for Women's Studies and Gender Studies Public Lecture Series 2002-2003 presents, **Theorizing Transnationality, Gender and Citizenship**, feat. Kum Kum Bhavnani, "Re-Imagining Development: Reflections from a (Socialist) Feminist," Contact for more info: info@womensbookstore.com

Oct. 25, 26; Art Nova; America in Belgrade. Isabel Bader Theatre. 93 Charles St. W. e-mail: voda.zikic@sympatico.ca

Oct. 28 The Aboriginal Studies Distinguished Lecture Series, feat. Basil Johnston. West Hall of University College, 15 King's College Circle. 7:00 p.m

Nov. 1 FREE FRIDAY FILMS AT INNIS COLLEGE. Vampyr. Innis Town Hall, 2 Sussex Ave. 7:00p.m.

Nov. 6 Jeanette Winterson, internationally acclaimed author reads from her latest novel The Power-Book (Random house). Young Peoples Theatre, 165 Front St. East Tickets are $10 in advance and $15 at the door. 7:00p.m. Call 416-922-8744

Nov. 7 Fourth Annual S.D. Clarke Lecture In Sociology feat. Charles Tilly, Joseph L. Buttenweiser, Professor of Social Sciences at Columbia University. Auditorium, University of Toronto Schools, 371 Bloor Street West Time: TBA

Nov. 7 Vic Chorus Concert, Victoria College Chapel, 8:00 p.m.

Nov. 7 Woodsworth Fall Lecture: The Good, The Bad & The Profiled: Race, Deviant Behaviour & Police Stop-and-Search Practices. Feat. Professor Scot Wortley, University of Toronto Centre of Criminology, Bissell Building room 205. 4: 30 p.m. Admission is free. Information: 416.978.5301.

Nov. 7 - 27 Conscious Eating: A Transformational Course for Women. w/ Annahid Dashtgard. 6 - 8p.m. $40, register at the Toronto Women's Bookstore. info@womensbookstore.com

Nov. 8. Friday Workshop Series, feat. Ian Sloan. Northrop Frye Hall, 73 Queen's Park, Room 205. 3:15 p.m

Nov. 8 FREE FRIDAY FILMS AT INNIS COLLEGE - The Taiwanese Series. Yi Yi: A One and a Two... Innis Town Hall, 2 Sussex Ave. 7:00p.m.

Nov. 8 Institute for Women's Studies and Gender Studies Public Lecture Series 2002-2003 presents **Theorizing Transnationality, Gender and Citizenship,** feat. Jacqui Alexander, "The State and the Making of Sexual Citizens" For more info contact: info@womensbookstore.com

Nov. 10 Signs of Hope in the Middle East. Conference, afternoon session at 14:30 OISE Auditorium, 252 Bloor Street W Free! Speakers include: Prof. Atif Kubursi, Economics, "The background of the conflict"; Prof. Elia Zureik, "The Palestinian refugees"; Rula Sharkawi, "A visit to women in Israel and the West Bank"; Henry Lowi, "The Israeli public at the crossroads".

Nov. 10 Signs of Hope in the Middle East. Conference, evening session at 20:00 Bloor Street United Church, 300 Bloor Street W. Speaker: **Noam Chomsky, "Prospects for Peace: Hopes and Barriers."** $10, tickets available only in advance from the Toronto Women's Bookstore, no telephone reservations.

Nov. 12 Alumni of Victoria College Seminar "Is Canada Fading from the American Conscioüsness" with Marci MacDonald. Admission $10 for Scarlet & Gold Members, $20 for non-members, contact the Vic Alumni Office to register at 416-585-4500.

Nov. 12 Friends of the Library: An Illustrated Lecture "Authors, Editors, Compilers: Formation of Sacred Texts - The Bible and Beyond," Speaker: Dr. Sol Nigosian, Victoria College, 91 Charles St. W., Room 115, 4:30 p.m.

Nov. 15 Public Lecture "The Suanders Portrait: Why Does it Matter?" Speaker: Alexander Leggatt. Isabel Bader Theatre, 93 Charles S. W. 5:00 p.m.

Nov. 15 FREE FRIDAY FILMS AT INNIS COLLEGE - The Taiwanese Series. He Liu [The River]. Innis Town Hall, 2 Sussex Ave. 7:00p.m.

Nov. 18 The Aboriginal Studies Distinguished Lecture Series, feat. Marie Campbell. West Hall of University College, 15 King's College Circle. 7:00 p.m

Nov. 18 "Gender and race in Writing" feat. Shani Mootoo, the author of the award-wining Cereus Blooms at Night in discussion with Jean Noble and Trish Salah. University College room 179. 15 King's College Circle. 7:30 p.m

Nov. 22 FREE FRIDAY FILMS AT INNIS COLLEGE - The Taiwanese Series. Hsi Yen [The Wedding Banquet] Innis Town Hall, 2 Sussex Ave. 7:00p.m.

Nov. 25 The University Professor Lecture Series, feat. Martin Friedland. "Reflections: A History of the University of Toronto" Location: Northrop Frye Hall, 73 Queen"s Park. 7:00 p.m

Nov. 27 Victoria Women's Association presents **"The New Program for First Year Students"** Speaker: Dr. David Cook, Principal, Victoria College. Alumni Hall, 2:00 p.m.

Nov. 27 to Dec. 1 REEL ASIAN INTERNATIONAL FILM FESTIVAL. See website for more details.
http://www.reelasian.com/

Nov. 30 End of Term Party This event will celebrate the affiliation of the Toronto Center for Lesbian and Gay Studies with the Sexual Diversity Studies Program and the launch of several scholarships for Sexual Diversity Studies Students. Come and meet other faculty and students who are associated with the program. 5:00p.m.-6:30p.m. University College Room 240

Dec. 6. Friday Workshop Series, feat. Mark Crane, "The Use of bonae literae in Sixteenth-Century France". Northrop Frye Hall. 73 Queen's Park, Room 205. 3:15 p.m.

Dec. 6 FREE FRIDAY FILMS AT INNIS COLLEGE. Meet Me in St. Louis. Innis Town Hall, 2 Sussex Ave. 7:00p.m.

Dec. 7. Graduates' Christmas Luncheon with Jane Pepino, "Reflections from a Froshie at Mid-Life: What I wish I'd known in 1965", tickets: $15, please contact the Alumni Office to register (416-585-4500), 12:00 p.m

Dec. 9 Public Lecture: **SCREWING THE SYSTEM: MASCULINITIES, MONEY & FETISHISM** by Professor Anne McClintock. Great Hall, Hart House. 7 Hart House Circle, 7:00p.m. Free. Info: (416) 922-8744

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